THE MUSES MELODY INA CONSORT OF Poetrie.

WITH

Diverſe occaſionall and Compendious

EPISTLES.

Compoſed by the Author *Tho. Jordan.*

Cum deſertis Aganippes
Fallibus, eſuriens migraret in Atria Clio.

LONDON, Printed by *J. C.*

On a Citizen that was ſo unreaſonably jealous of his wife, that he durſt not truſt her with the neereſt in blood of her own kindred.

WHy how now *Jack*? are you the only man
Whoſe forehead we muſt hang our hats up-
Shall the luxurious folly of your youth (on?
Araign all women at the Bar for *truth*?
Can no man now be *ſociable* and *good*,
'Cauſe you have had a *wildfire* in your *blood*?
Becauſe your *wife* reſolves to remaine true
Muſt your in imagination Cuckold you?
" In what a Sea of ſadneſs doth he ſwim
" Whoſe own ſtrong *fantſie* doth *make horns at him*?
May we not *look* on her? can we deviſe
New wayes of *copulation* by the *eyes*?
Can *ſmiles* get *children*? Or if we ſhould leave
Some *words* behind us, can her ears *conceive*?
Why doſt thou ſearch thy *trunks* and *cheſts*? as if
It ſhould be poſſible the *Placket-theif*
Could get in there: is no place free from harms?
" So *ſouldiers* (when the wars began) fought Arms
"In ſilver Saltcellars, and ſpringes ſet
" To catch a *Canon* in a Cabinet:
Go ſearch her pocket too (to quit all fears)
And pluck out *little Jeffery* by th' ears.

There are *most sly* conveyances in *Love*,
'T may be *Tom Thum* is got into her *Glove*;
Search every corner of the house, and then
Sit down and coin new faces and new men.
Thou sot in *jealouzie*, whose fantsie vents
Impossibilities for *Arguments*:
Quick-sighted *Quixot*, thou that art inclin'd
To look about for what thou dar'st not find:
For (I protest) were I the man whom sne
Would chuse to act his just revenge on thee,
Thou shouldst discover me with greater fear
Then men would pick sparks out of gunpowder.
I'd make thee be (my rigor should be such)
A *Pillow* to the thing thou fear'st so much:
Tempt me with *hat* in *hand*, and cast about
To keep that *in* which thou wouldst now bring *out*.
Conduct her to my very Arms, and grow
Highly contented thou couldst please me so:
The Law can not relieve in this distress
Because thy own eyes are no witnesses:
Which would exalt thy torture; thus would we
Pay thy old private scores of Luxurie:
And thy mechanick spirit, without doubt,
Will bear all this when thou art beaten to't.
For shame reform thy folly, let her heart
Be no more measur'd out by thy desert:
Let not the ills which thou hast done, proclaim
Suggested falshood in anothers Fame:
He that thinks every man is his wife's sutor,
Defiles his Bed, and proves his own *Cornutor*.

Pecavi

Peccavi, *to a vertuous Lady, who was vitiously ſolicited by a Gentleman whilſt ſhe was in her* mourning.

AS guilty men unto the *Altar* flye
There to appeaſe th' incenſed Deity,
After the ſin of *Blaſphemie*, or *blood*
Took from the breſts of Innocents, whoſe flood
Cryes up to heaven for vengeance; ſo come I
To beg a pardon for this hereſie
Againſt your *honor*: *Truth* her ſelf can tell
No unbeſeeming action, ſuch as ſell
The looſer wantons of our times, made me
Attempt to break your chryſtal chaſtity:
I ſaw no geſture in you that could ſay
I might have hopes to win the fatal day
Of your undoing; but you did appear
Stainleſs, and more immortal then you are
Or can be, till the hand of heaven ſhall
Transform your aſhes to a funeral:
Some men deſire to ſpeckle whiteſt paper.
Venus will light her *torch* at *Veſta*'s *taper*:
It is a truth divided from all doubt,
That ne'er a *Nun'ry* can keep *Cupid* out:
I know your melting eyes, and mourning dreſs
Might mortifie anothers wantonneſs,
But it exalted mine, as if my flame
Could feed upon no fuel but your Fame.
This crime relates to that in Paradice,
Your vertue was the Author of my vice.

Your frowns advanc'd my blood, and made it boile,
Your *Prayers* were *Bonfires*, and your *tears* were *oile*:
(To contract all) what ever I could see
Like *froſt* in you, was a fierce *flame* in me.
"So *cowards* when made *Conqueror*, do boaſt,
"And are more cruel when their *ſlaves* beg moſt.
I faine would plead excuſes, if I cou'd
Alledge the frailty of our *fleſh* and *blood*,
Your *feature* and my *love*; your *youth* and *tongue*,
That ſo I might extenuate the wrong.
But my *Religion* ſayes, To do one ſin
And then excuſe it, brings another in:
No, I'll ſubmit to pardon: you that have
Ability to judge, have power to ſave
Your penitent offender: I confeſs
My fault ſo criminal, I muſt addreſs
My ſelf unto your mercy, and I ſpie
Her ſilver wing ſpread in your either eye
To entertain my ſute; remove the Bar,
The witneſſes and Executioner.
You ſhall for this no Judge, or Jury call,
At your own pleaſure, I will ſtand or fall.

On handſome women that will marry fools.

SHe that will marry with a Fool 'tis plaine
Is either crack'd in Credi, or in Braine.

An Apology to a coy Lady for a passionate Letter which a Gent. writ to her when she returned back to him a Diamond which he before had presented.

MAdam! In such a calm of peaceful aire
As the self-sentenc'd sinner sighs in Prayer,
I do salute your Candor; and desire
Your mercy may with pardon, quench the fire
Of my late Passions, for I must confess (dress:
Though they were *truths*, they wore too wild a
I quite forgat the boundless distance that
Is set betwixt my lowness and your state:
And should (but that I see you disapprove)
In time have been a *Leveler* in *Love*:
You have reform'd my error, and (with high
Distaste) dismounted my soft *heresie*;
I am your *Proselyte*, and shall declare
To Lovers (such as I am) that they are
In desperate *error* if they dare to prove
Man's *merit* can deserve a *Lady*'s *love*:
Ther's no such thing in nature; he that can
But scent the *aire* that issues from her *fan*,
Hath happiness enough; and he that *wears*
Her *scorns*, is paid for all his *vows* and *tears*.
His *rings* and *ribbons* are oblations that
Defile the shrine which they are offer'd at:
Else (*honoured Lady*) sure that trifle which
Your Iv'ry finger lately did enrich,
Had not been with such detestation sent
To him that loves you like his nourishment:

What is the motive (Madam) I am more
Tortur'd to know the *cauſe*, then feel the *ſoar*:
Pray ſpeak it plainly, for the nobleſt dreſs
Of *Truth* is her own native nakedneſs:
I never yet committed an offence
That was too horrid for my *Audience*.
I will attend you with undaunted ear,
Although you utter all that I can fear:
My conſtitution boldly ſhall endure
To loſe that *limb* which will admit no *cure*:
I wiſh you all the happineſs that can
(With wiſeſt ſearch) be found in the beſt man:
May him whom you ſhall pleaſe to favour be
Sincere in all his ſervices for ſhe
That leaves a *true heart* for a *fained one*,
Doth give a Di'mond for a *Briſtow Stone*.

On a cruel Creditor.

I *Will make* Dice *on's Bones*, ſo doth he cry
Who hath the *debtor* in *Captivity*:
Take heed, ther's none will pity thy diſaſter
When *Lucifer* (at laſt) cryes *Come the Caſter*.

On Rebellion.

REbellion is a Paradox, for they
Are onely put in *truſt* that do *betray*.

VILLAINIE.

Anagram,

ILIVE IN AL.

I *Live in al*; ſhew me that *Name*
That hath a larger *Anagram*:
But leſt ſome ſhould think that I
Do aſſume *ubiquity*,
Let them know I want the Art
To be *All in every part*:
But yet *I live in all*; I know
All *Languages*, and *Nations* too:
'Tis not *France* with all her *Apes*
Can outvye me in my ſhapes;
I wear a *Cope*, I wear a *Crown*,
A *Souldiers ſword*, a Lawyers *gown*,
And (with rev'rence be it ſpoke)
The *Surplice* and extempore *cloak*:
I wear a *chain*, ſometimes a *ruff*,
A purple *Robe*, a ſute of *Buff*:
A *livery-hood*, a *Country coat*,
A *ſeaman's cap* (whoſe ſubtle boat
Sailes with all windes, and, as I can
Change ſhapes, I live in every Man,
And every Place; I live at *Court*,
And where an *Army* doth reſort
(By which ſo many men are undon.)
I live at *ſea*, I live in *London*:
In all parts of it I range,
And I alwayes keep the *change*;

I live in Courts of peace and war,
On the *Bench*, and at the Bar:
Sometimes like to *love* and fury,
I have been in *Judge* and *Jury*:
In Phyſitians I live cloſe,
But am us'd in every doſe:
In my coat of Armes I bear
A *Roundhead* and a *Cavalier*.
I wear all *Paſſions*; but I move
Sureſt in the ſhape of Love:
Or in Religion, there I flye (why?
At God knows who, and who knows
In a Shopkeeper you'l gueſs
What I am when I *profeſs*:
In a *Politick* I cry,
Law, Religion, Liberty.
In a Juſtice I lye hid,
Yet in's Clerk I'm quickly ſpid:
But my ſubtleties grow evener
In a Broker and a Scrivener.
In a Sectariſt I flame
Like the Aire of Amſterdam:
Covenants and Proteſtations
Are my yeerly Recreations.
But I am (ſuch is my fate)
Never from the Counter-gate,
And a houſe in Broadſtreet, where
I am in my proper ſphere.
But (to cut off prolixity) you ſhall
Find (by my *Anagram*) I Live in all.

A De-

A Defence composed for his friend Mr. Th. Ea. who ignorantly had perſwaded ſome Gentlemen his friends to waſh their faces with Mercury, one of them being an elect Bridegroom, the night immediately before the Nuptials, who the next day were much bliſtered with the venome, and he much accuſed by the Ladyes, as if it had been done on purpoſe.

THE winged feet of *fame* that alwayes brings
On ſwifteſt pinnions, moſt unwelcome things,
Inform'd the Centinel that waits upon
My late araigned *Reputation*,
That I have done an *Act* which much offends
Men whom I balance with the beſt of friends:
That I with *venome* ſhould deform thoſe faces
Wherein faire *Ladyes* found ſo many graces,
At ſuch a ſeaſon when bright *Hymens* taper
Inflam'd the *Bride*, and made the *Bridegroom* caper,
When all prepar'd themſelves in the beſt dreſs
Of civil *Art*, and native *comlineſs*:
When active youth, and Beauty did put on
Their ſmootheſt brows, and beſt complexion;
That I againſt this *Time*, without incitement,
Should perpetrate this *fact*, ſo runs th' inditement:
To which I plead *Not guilty*, cauſe th' event
Doth make men *Criminal*, or innocent:
That I was inſtrumental in't, I grant,
But of the vile event as ignorant

As

As cradled infants; 'tis an Act below
My *name*, my *ſpirit*, and my *Nature* too:
Did my *Accuſers* know how much I prize
My *friends*, they would with more indulgent eyes
Look on this *chance*; the *Ladyes* (as I hear)
For it eſteem me much their *injurer*,
Which is (indeed) the greateſt cauſe that I
Make this *Confeſſion*, and *Apology*:
I am ſo much a *ſervant* to that *Sex*
Whoſe ruby *lips*, bright *brows*, and Ivory *necks*
Surprize all eyes, that their alone commands
Have power enough to ſtay my active hands
From my worſt *Enemy*, if he be one
That wears the *badge* of their *Affection*:
How then ſhould I accompliſh a deſign
Of ſuch diſhonour to their friends and mine?
Salute the *Ladies* from me; let them ſee
My *Penitence* and my *integritie*:
Aſſure them that the ſacred Nuptials which
Their precious preſence lately did enrich,
Is of ſo much eſteem with me, that I
Diſclaim all thoughts or Acts of injury.
Tell them I am divided from all reſt,
Till they have ſign'd me a *Quietus eſt*.

A Letter to the Gentlemen, in which this Poem was incloſed.

To his honoured friends, *&c.*

Gentlemen,

I *Am ſo ſenſible of the* Ladyes *ſorrows for your* diſaſters *and my own ſufferings for their* diſpleaſures, *that I have penned this* Poetical Apology *to ſoften their* cenſures: *which being aſſiſted with your manuduction, may be the more conducible to their ſatisfaction.*

The reſult of it, will (I hope) beget ſuch a faire underſtanding, that the miſtaken *difference ſhall be* reconciled, *and his* repute *reſtored, who is theirs and*

Your faithful ſervant

The. Ea.

An Ode compoſed for three voices, at a celebration of the Birth-day of the much honoured G. D. *Gent. on* Novemb. 29.

I. Voc.

Oy in the Gates of him whoſe birth
Gives generation to our Mirth,
Whoſe Fame and meritorious dayes,
Eclipſe the luſtre of all praiſe.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then let our invention
Exceed Apprehenſion
Let liberty dance a *Lavalto*,
Till *Ceres* and *Bacchus*
With jollity rack us.
And ev'ry mans brains are in Alto.

II. Voc.

Let none appear under this roof,
Whoſe ſpirits are not ſorrow-proof.
All conſtellations we deſie
That frown at this Nativitie.

Chorus.

We laugh at the ſilly
Preſages of *Lilly*.
We fear not the force of Invaſion:
The Schoolemen are dullmen:
They fool men and gull men;
'Tis Love is the Art of perſwaſion.

III. Voc.

Let no man in this Circle move
Whoſe ſoul is croſt with *Law* or *Love*:
We likewiſe do exclude his Pate
That deals in ſtratagem, and State.

Chorus.

The ſum of our treaſure
Is freedom in pleaſure.
Nor will we forget to remember
The motive that raiſes
Our voices with Praiſes
The 29 day of November.

A Vote to the much honored THOMAS BRIDGES, *Merchant in Alderman-bury* London, *and to his moſt vertuous wife.*

IF Health and Treaſure, Love and Mirth
Be all the happineſs on earth,
I wiſh that every thing you touch,
Or can but think on, may be ſuch.
May all the Pleaſures, that we ſee
Under bright heaven's Canopie,
Waite upon you, and may old Fame
Receive advantage from your Name.
Let your quick underſtanding be
Clear and ſerene as Purity.
May all your Excellencies prove
The powerful Adamants of Love:
And may that luſtre of your life)
Your fertile, chaſt, ingenious wife
Continue in her loyal flames,
And be the guide to vertuous dames.
May your Childrens childrens merits
Be the pictures of your ſpirits;
Then may you draw an equal breath,
With long ſweet life, and eaſie death.
May Cities, Towns, Ships, fields, & bowers
Talke of no other worth but yours:
And may no company (one minute)
Be ſorrowful when you are in it.

An Epitaph on a ſcold.

HEre lyes, in duſt, a married man's great wo,
A nimble Linguiſt, or a quick-tongu'd ſhrew.
Now ſhe is dead, and duſt to duſt is flung;
The earth holds her that ne'r could *hold her tongue.*

On Jack Summer, *who with two ſhillings, won twenty pounds of Captaine* Swallow.

WHen poor *Jack Summer* was an overcomer
Of *Swallows* purſe, *one Swallow made a Summer.*

On Scorta.

SCorta (the whore) ſayes ſhe'l pay all her owings
In the next Term, if God ſend good her doings.

An Epitaph on Mr. Will. Lawes *Batchelor in Muſick, who was mortally ſhot at the ſiege of* Weſtcheſter.

COncord is conquer'd: In this Urne there lies
The Maſter of great Muſick's myſteries,
And in it is a riddle like the *cauſe*:
Will. Lawes was ſlain by ſuch whoſe *wills* were *Laws.*

A Defence for Muſick in its Practique and Theorick, Dedicated to all Lovers of Harmony, but more eſpecially to the much honored

Mr. JOHN ROGERS.

EMpreſs of Order, whoſe eternal Armes
Put *Chaos* into Concord; by whoſe Charmes
The Cherubims in Anthems cleer and even
Create a Conſort for the King of Heaven:
Inſpire me with thy Magick, that my Numbers
May rock the never-ſleeping Soul in ſlumbers:
Tune up my Lyre, that when I ſing thy merits
My ſubdivided Notes may ſprinkle Spirits,
Into mine Auditory, whilſt their fears
Suggeſt their ſouls are ſallying through their ears.
What Tropes or Figures can thy glories reach,
That art thy ſelf the ſplendor of all Speech?
Myſterious Muſique! He that doth thee right,
Muſt ſhew thy Excellence by thy own Light:
Thy Purity muſt teach us how to Praiſe,
As men ſeek out the Sun, with his own rayes.
What Creature, that hath Being, Life, or Senſe,
But wears the badges of thy Influence?
Muſique is Harmony, whoſe copious bounds
Is not confined onely unto Sounds,
'Tis the Eys object (for without Extortion)
It comprehends all things that have Proportion.
Muſique is Concord, and doth hold alluſion
With every thing that doth oppoſe Confuſion.

In comely *Architecture* it may be
Known by the Name of *Uniformity*,
Where Pyramids to Pyramids relate,
And the whole Fabrick doth configurate:
In perfectly proportion'd Creatures we
Accept it by the title *Symmetry*,
When many Men for some design convent,
And all concentre, it is call'd *consent*:
Where mutual hearts in sympathy do move,
Some few embrace it by the name of *Love*:
But where the Soul and Body do agree
To serve their God, it is *Divinity*:
In all melodious Compositions wee
Declare and know it to be *Symphonie*;
Where all the Parts in Complication roll,
And every one contributes to the whole.
He that can set, and humor Notes aright,
Will move the Soul to Sorrow, to Delight,
To Courage, Curtesie, to Consolation,
To Love, to Gravity, to Contemplation.
It hath been known (by its Magnetique Motion,
To raise Repentance, and advance Devotion:
It works on all the Faculties, and why?
The very Soul it self is Harmony.
Musique! it is the breath of Second Birth;
The Saints employment, and the Angels Mirth,
The Rhetorick of Seraphims, a Gem
In the Kings Crown of New *Jerusalem*:
They sing continually; the Exposition
Must needs infer there is no intermission:

I hear ſome men hate *Muſick*: let them ſhew
In holy writ, what elſe the Angels do:
Then thoſe that do deſpiſe ſuch ſacred Mirth
Are neither fit for *Heaven*, nor for *Earth*.

A Banquet of Diſcord, diſh'd up and dedicated to all lovers of Confuſion, and contemners of Concord.

1.

COme hither you to whom the breath
Of Muſique is a ſecond Death:
Whoſe untun'd ears are neither fit
For Concord, Poeſie, nor wit.
That chatter in unpointed Proſe,
And uſe no Organ but the Noſe:
Who Fantſie nothing but the rents
Of Families and Governments;
Whoſe ſpirits are as rude as Rocks,
And Blaſphemies are Orthodox.
My Fantſie hath a meſs of Minſtrels which
Shall pleaſe you all, and make your long ears itch.

2.

The firſt ſoft Muſique I can finde,
Are herds of Hogs perplex'd with winde,
And taught by Dogs of Farmers houſe
The tearing *Sol-fa* of the Souſe.
And next, to pleaſe your approbation,
A Quire of Cats in Copulation.

Where you will hear excee ding skill,
If treble Puſs but hit the trill.
But to provoke your active heeles,
Fifty new Carts with ungreas'd Wheeles. (ſound,
Then, when Hogs, Cats, and Wheeles in *Chorus*
Who will not ſay you are with Diſcord crown'd?

3.

The next (in ſtead of Drums, and Tabors)
Twelve Strumpets in abortive Labors
To mixe with theſe, a ſhrill Grand Jury
Of Fiſh-wives fill'd with Ale and fury,
Whoſe every cloſe doth ſweetly roare
With Witch, and Bitch, and Bawd, and Whore;
Ten Pewterers, with Platters empty,
Tinkers and Kettles four and twenty,
Thirty Lock-ſmiths, forty fellows:
Blowing of as many Bellows;
And whilſt all theſe in Parts together chime,
I will have ſixteen rag-mills to beat time.

4.

Then for the melody of Fowles,
Thirteen Peacocks, nineteen Owles,
Fifteen Ravens, eighteen Dawes,
Naked Rooks with empty Crawes:
And inſtead of Lutes and Citterns
Chatt'ring Magpies, Crows, and Bitterns:
With a ſet of Trencher-ſcrapers
That will make your teeth cut Capers:
And (to fill ye with amazements)
Northern windes, and open Caſements.

If

If theſe will not content, (to help the Quire)
The Bells ſhall ring as when a Town's on fire.

5

Dying men when they are Rack'd,
Womens cryes when Towns are ſack'd,
Iriſh mourners when they howle
Over ſome departed ſoul:
Wracks at Sea where few are ſaved,
Whirlwinds cut in Semi-quavers:
For I know (without miſpriſion)
You are Lovers of Diviſion:
This is Muſique fit for them
Who do Harmony contemn.
When this grows ſtale, and that you wiſh for new,
The other world may better furniſh you.

An Epigram on a Mad-man.

A Friend deſir'd me once, as I paſs'd by
Bedlam (the Dippers Univerſity)
To walk in there with him, where when I came,
I did behold one as much out of frame
As was the Chaos in continual Night,
Before Jehovah ſaid, *Let there be Light*;
Madneſs and Drunkenneſs conjoyn'd in one,
Would ſure have made a leſs confuſion
Then that within his Brayn: ſome people by
Obſerving ſo ſupreme an Extaſie,
Ask'd if he were *marryed* that had this ſtrange fit:
No (quoth the mad-man) *I'm not ſo mad yet.*

Where you will hear exceeding skill,
If treble Puſs but hit the trill.
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When this grows ſtale, and that you wiſh for new,
The other world may better furniſh you.

An Epigram on a Mad-man.

A Friend deſir'd me once, as I paſs'd by
Bedlam (the Dippers Univerſity)
To walk in there with him, where when I came,
I did behold one as much out of frame
As was the Chaos in continual Night,
Before Jehovah ſaid, *Let there be Light*;
Madneſs and Drunkenneſs conjoyn'd in one,
Would ſure have made a leſs confuſion
Then that within his Brayn: ſome people by
Obſerving ſo ſupreme an Extaſie,
Ask'd if he were *marryed* that had this ſtrange fit:
No (quoth the mad-man) *I'm not ſo mad yet.*

A meer Souldiers Reſolution, written by his own direction in the yeer 1642.

PReach not to me the juſtice of your Cauſe,
Your Priviledges, or the Kingdoms Lawes,
Nor call't Religion to oppoſe your King;
Such ſtale pretences fram'd for quarrelling
Ile neither hear, nor ayd; I come to be
A ſacrifice for my Neceſſity.
Give me the Coyn, ſhew me the golden ſhowrs,
That onely is my Cauſe, and why not yours?
But (late) I heard a winged Herald ſing,
The Cauſe hath left us, and is gone to th'King.
Why then beat up your Drums, leavy your Men:
We all go for the Cauſe, to fetch't agen;
Yet ſtir not till the Troopers have their pay,
The price of blood, juſt thirty pence a day:
This makes me mount my Jennet; do not tell
What elſe we fight for, and the Fiends of hell,
Circled with unextinguiſhable fires
Shall never daunt: But when your Cauſe requires,
There I am loſt agen, foyl'd with a fright:
Your *Cauſe* is th'onely cauſe I cannot fight.

An Elegie and Epitaph, in two Acroſticks, compoſed on the pious memory of Miſtreſs Grace Drayton, *late wife to* William Drayton *Gentleman, unto whom ſhe was marryed the* 20 *of* January 1652. *and deceaſed the* 20 *of* June 1653.

W onder of women, give us leave to burn
I nflamed Incenſe on thy ſacred Urne:
L et our unceſſant tears fall on thy Herſe,
L ike thoſe innumerable drops that pierce
I nto hard Marble. She is gone in whom
A ll female excellence hath found a Tombe;
M odeſty, Prudence, Temperance, and Wit,
D evotion, Love and Loyalty do yet
A enown her Name; ſhe was as true a wife,
A s was her husbands blood unto his Life:
Y oung wives, knowing but her, might learn from thence
T he Art to twiſt Love and Obedience:
O ne in whoſe ever active ſoul did move
N othing but filial fear, and Nuptial Love,

The Epitaph.

G roan, or go by, he that true grief forbears,
R eads that in triumph which we writ in tears.
A ll joys we baniſh; they are as contrary,
C ompar'd with us, as *June* and *January*:
E very Mourner that doth not preſent
D iſtilling eys, deſtroys our Monument.
R eader! within this Cabinet there lies
A Jewel bright, as *Sol*'s meridian Eyes:
Y outh mix'd with mental beauty, ſhe was one
T hat made all Vertues her Complexion.
O h! let our tears flow freely, for we ſhall
N e'er finde more cauſe to waſh a Funeral.

To his diſdainful Miſtreſs, from whom he receiv'd a Repulſe at the preſentment of his ſervice to lead her by the Arm in the ſtreet.

I Shall give truth the lye, and muſt engage
In your defence the Pens of this whole Age,
Not to acknowledge that your form and features
Make you ſhine brighteſt 'mongſt the beſt of Creatures.
He that ſurveys your Perſon with my Senſe
Shall meet (at once) Light, Heat, and Influence;
Yet where you ſcorn, Experience bids me ſay,
You raiſe *December* in the midſt of *May*. (Crowns
The Chairs of State, the Scepters, Thrones, and
Of Life and Death are in your ſmiles and frowns,
This truth I freely vent, although you crack
The ſinews of my ſoul upon the rack
Of undeſerv'd diſpleaſure, I muſt needs
Confeſs, all Vertue in your boſom breeds;
You are the mirror of all worth: Yet why
(If I may ſo capitulate) muſt I
For ſome offence unacted, or unknown,
Be tortur'd thus under the frigid Zone
Of your contempt? What have I done that can
Deveſt me of that Priviledge which Man
And manners juſtly claim? What is in me
So oppoſite unto civility,
That you ſhould ſcatter your diſdains upon
The ſoft Addreſs of my Devotion?

Why

Why ſhould the bared Head, and bended Knee
Of faithful ſervice meet ſuch nicety?
You make me doubt my ſelf, and wonder what
Great Error (like an Attom or a Gnat)
I am accus'd of; whether I did ſtand
Right with my Legs, or gave you the wrong Hand:
Whether my Gloves were on, or I did err
In wearing ſome unbutton'd Handkercher:
Which of theſe hainous ſins it is, I can
No more conceive then a deceaſed man.
Pray manifeſt the Cauſe, and let me know
What is the cruel Author of my woe,
That I may curb the Love which did intrude,
And (for the future) ceaſe to be ſo rude
With ſuch Perfection; I will let the world
(To my own ſcorn) know why my hopes are hurl'd
From your bright Mercy: they ſhall underſtand
It is like Sacriledge to kiſs your hand,
And that to Arm you brings as bad a fate,
As to be found in Arms againſt the State.

On Mrs. Howlet, *and Mrs.* Boone.

FIckle (they ſay) loves *Howlets* daughter, ſhe
That is his eldeſt, Miſtris *Margery*:
And ſome ſuppoſe the widdow *Boon* will draw
All his Affection, (Miſtreſs *Barbara*)
But will not he appear a groſs Buffoon
To marry with *Madg Howlet*, or *Bab Boone*?

To a Black-moor that had married a deformed Spanish woman, and was jealous of an English Gentleman.

BLack *Don de Negro* fears that I will be
A sharer in his sooty Venery:
He doth believe that in his absence I
Invoke his devil to Adultery;
When (Heaven knows) 'tis such a Creature, none
But one that doubts the Resurrection
Would meddle with; a face Men fiye in drink,
Whose eys are Torches, and whose veins run Ink.
A thing that sure some Succubus hath nursed,
And onely waits the hour of *Go ye cursed.*
Yet this strange muddy medly of things horrid,
Makes *Don* doubt horns upon his woollen forhead;
And I must be the object of his doubt.
I tell thee *Don*, and all thy sable rout,
Thou feat'st in vain; I would not (I protest)
Add one pin feather to thy Magpies nest
For both the Indies: many (by this light)
Have been undone onely with black and white:
Besides, he is betray'd by self-deceivings,
That takes an armful of the devils leavings.
Dost think I'll deal in Charcole? smack a smother?
And dig in one hell to deserve another?
Or will I leave my lovely *Polihymie*
With all her Virgin sweets, to sweep thy Chymnie?
Dost think I'll line thy Buckrum with my Tissue?
And contribute unto thy checquer'd Issue?

To

To fright the Midwife with a womb that ſwells
With a ſtrip'd ſtripling arm'd in Tortoiſe ſhells?
And in a time where Reformation hath
Made Venery as venial as the Bath?
Doſt think I'll have my Heyr look like a Leper?
Like Snow and Gunpowder? or Salt and Pepper?
I hate that hand of Cards, where he that rubbs
Hath nothing dealt him but the ten of Clubbs.
Shall I pollute my Limbs with an embrace
For a py'd Kitling with a dappled face?
A Cradle full of twylight? print and Margent?
A Coat *parte-per-feſs*, *ſable* and *argent*?
A ſpeckled ſpawn? joy twiſted with diſaſter?
Or jett concorporate with Alabaſter?
Forbear thy frantick follies, thou mayſt be
Sooner perſwaded I could bed with thee.
Can thy ambitious fears think any one
Would taſte of that which thou haſt blown upon?
Decline theſe doubts: when ever I accoſt her
With a conjunctive generating poſture, (Lamia,
The pregnant womb of Wolves ſhall bring forth
The robbing Rat teem Kitlings, the wild dams
Of rocking Bears ſhall (againſt Natures Lawes)
Embrace the doggs with titilating Pawes.
When we do mixe in a venereal ſheet,
The late dead King and Parliament ſhall meet
In *Weſtminſter*; Religion ſhall controul
The lofty longings of a Statesmans Soul.

An Epitaph on a Prisoner for Debt, who dyed of Feaver in the Counter.

HEre falls the trophie of a rich man's pride,
Who by a Creditor was crucified:
The Goal became his Crosse, a Feavers flashes
Design'd his Death, his Altar, and his Ashes:
Therefore a Gamester lies under this Tyle,
To whom the Counter prov'd both Crosse and Pyle.

A Bull made Sense.

AS Three were walking by a Hedge, one cries
I spye a cluster of *red Black-berries.*
The second laughed, the third (in his defence)
Said he would justifie it to be Sense,
And with this Question gravely steps between
Are not Black-berries *red* when they are *green?*

On Cavaliers wearing of much Ribbon.

WOuld you know why sequester'd Cavaliers
(Like *Haberdashers* shops that vent small wares)
Wear so much Ribbon? Who before were forc'd
To flye from *Naseby* ragged and unhors'd?
The *State* took care for them that since their fall,
They should be drest in *Haberdashers-hall.*

A Congratulatory to the bountiful Lover of the Liberal Sciences,

Sir THOMAS PRESTWICH *Baronet.*

BRight Beam of honor, in whose worth and wit
The ravish'd ruines of the Muses sit;
If wishes wing'd with the felicious flight
Of nimble numbers may create delight,
Or if this composition may set forth
The zeal of one that hath more will then worth;
Suspend your approbation, and you'l see
How much my Love exceeds my Poetry.
Heroick thoughts enflame your soul; may no
Affronts afflict you whersoe'er you go:
All that is mix'd in Consolations dish,
What studious man can think, or we can wish,
Crown all your Contemplations; may the skie
With farrest favours fill your Treasurie:
Honor embalm your Name, and may your fall
Make you rebound to joys Æthereal.
May all the happiness that can be due
To a redeemed Spirit wait on you.
Love be your Manuductor; may the tears
Of Penitence free you from future fears.
Divinity direct your wary ways,
And guard you from the froth of bad mens praise.
These wishes issue from the soul of one
Who means you more then he can think upon.

To Coll. Washington, *on his word* Away with't, &c. *Composed in* 1643.

COme Gentlemen *Away with't*, stand t'your Arms;
In war the valiant prove most free from harms.
The Rear's not more secure then is the Van;
Death doth not always meet the formost Man:
What would become of me then, who did ne'er
Bring up the Front to fall into the Reare,
Like some wise Leaders who can well endure
The Guns to quarrel whilst they stand secure?
Who faint would purchase honor if they durst.
He that Commands in chief should be serv'd first,
And so will I be, though the field be set
With Henbane, Wormwood, deadly Acconit,
Or what soe'er comes terrible to fright
The Feeling, Hearing, Tasting, Sent, or Sight.
My word's *Away with't*: if you'l know the Cause.
'Tis this, it comprehends my Martial Lawes:
Let not a Souldier dare (that bears a Gun)
Having receiv'd his weekly pay, to run
Away with't, lest the Marshal (arm'd with death)
Stop (both at once) his running and his Breath
Let not a souldier from a Townsmans grais
Drive forth a Lamb, or Sheep; he shall not pass
Away with't, lest he suffer that, and more
(If more can be) then his Camrade before:
Let not a Souldier in his Quarters break
A Trunk or Chest for gold; he shall not sneak

Away

Away with't: 'tis his Majeſties intent
I ſhould command an honeſt Regiment.
But (hear me ſouldiers) if you ſack a Town
That is in oppoſition to the Crown,
And in their bags or Cabinets do know
Where Plate and Jewels are, I'll bid ye goe
Away-with't: 'tis no more then *ſummum jus*
To pillage them that come to Plunder us:
If you finde Linnen, Woollen, Swords and Knives,
Or any thing, but their unuſeful wives,
Away with't: but you ſors that do encline
To pillage Cellars of their Beer and Wine,
Take heed of Rats-bane, ſuch fair bayts are ſet
To tempt your Palates, and you'l hardly get
Away with't: if ye finde Powder and Match,
Pikes, Muſquets, Bullets, with all quick diſpatch
Away with't, load the Cart, when all is done,
Wee'l march *Away with it, quoth Waſhington.*

On a Lay-Preacher.

I Went the other day to ſee a Lay-man
Aſcend the Pulpit (ſome ſay 'twas a Dray-man)
But in his Prayers he made (as ſome believ'd)
Five hundred ſev'ral faces: 'faith I griev'd
To ſee him ſo, for (if he were in's wits)
They were no *Prayers*, but *Conuulſion fits.*

To the great lover and protector of Honor and Sciences
Sir Henry Newton *Knight*, &c.

SIR, I salute your Candor, and commit
These courser *Compositions* to your Wit:
All that I can commend unto your youth
And abler skill, is this, That they are truth:
Much Learning and Humanity we see
Doth issue from your ingenuity.
Vice is your Enemy, and there doth flow
Nothing but worth from your Seraglio;
Excellent Sir, I know you use to sip
Much of the Muses fair goodfellowship,
Leander and lov'd *Hero's* Life and Death,
With all the Verse since Queen *Elizabeth*,
Lifts not the front of Fantsie up so high
As you can when your *Genius* will comply.
All that is Excellently, Good, and New,
Pious and profitable, chaste, and true,
You have an int'rest in, y'are one of those
That love all worth which men e'er spake in Prose.
Reason and all the rules of Art have taught
You to excel in things above my thought.
The figure of your fame deserves to grow
Green in the leaves of *Michael Angelo*,
Xeuxes, or great *Apelles*. I shall then
Conclude, and leave you to a nobler Pen.

EPISTLES
Queint, And
COMPENDIOUS.

To a Lady of moſt Excellent Perfections.

Honoured Madam,

PErmit the humbleſt of your faithful ſervants, to invade your ſacred retirements with a few expreſſions proceeding from the white verity of a Genius, made eloquent onely by your Excellence: I will not enter into a commendation of your Beauty, *becauſe it is ſo high a degree above my* Rhetorick, *that to attempt it, were as vaine as to*

wash white the snow-crown'd hills of Italy; *or cast* Vermilion *upon* Roses. *To give a character of your swift* wit, *sober* judgement, *curious* fantsie, *and capacious* intellect, *with a rough draught from my rude Pencil, were as impertinent and impossible, as to discover the* Sun *in his Meridian with the bashful rayes of a wax candle: I shall therefore (in glories of this kind) convert all expression to admiration.*

But if you will believe that your Excellencies *have wrought in me delights of such a ravishing nature, that they exceed all temporal felicity, and that you dare extend your favours to one who loves you next to his Relion, that would esteem it greater honor to serve you, then to command both the* Indies, *and all things else in the world which that treasure can purchase, vouchsafe the cordial encouragements of your literal returns, and felicious presence, to*

(Madam)
The humblest of
your Admirers.

To a young Lady from a Gent. whose Parents commanded him to desist from loving.

Madam,

THat I was once your Servant, and that your vertue was the object of my sincere devotion, is so fair a verity, that I shall never blush to acknowledge it;

it; nor is there any intervenient evil on yours or my part, that can claim the cruel priviledge to mortifie your merit or my affection: but since we all live within the circumscription of God and Nature, I must take leave (sadly) to tell you that I am constrained to let obediential fear, nullifie nuptial love; and that no less a power *then what doth solely sway divine and humane actions, could have put so unwelcome a period to our little less then perfect unity; my parent and my natural aliance being the only hinderance, which I beseech you (in your native clemency so to consider) that if ever you untye your tongue to tell the story of our succesless Loves, you may not prove too rigorous in the mention of him, who (at a sacred distance) shall ever remain,*

(Madam)

Your penitent servant.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman immediately after the first sight.

Worthy Lady,

ALthough I am a stranger to your person, and may justly allow you liberty, to wonder at my present confidence, yet I have some assurance that when time *& truth shall permit me, to manifest the motive which hath*

induced me to this amorous incivility, you will conclude my aimes and ends are noble, as this Gentleman (my tryed Friend) is further able to inform you; to whose undoubted fidelity, if you dare communicate the means when, where, and how I shall wait on you, that we may a little entertaine the interchange of chaſte diſcourſe, I do not doubt but that I ſhall give you ſuch a teſtimony of a fair union begun betwixt your immaculate merit, and my clear affection, that (in the loweſt ſence) you cannot confeſs me leſs then

(Madam)
The devouteſt Honourer
of your vertue.

To a Lady that had heard an evil rumour of her ſervants Fame.

Deareſt,

ENvy *and* detraction *are ſo much devoted enemies to* Love *and* Vertue, *that the pious practices of* Princes, *nor the moſt religious leagues of* Lovers, *could be ever conſtantly free from their contagion; but where an holy unity is cordially contracted with a righteous interchange of* faith, *and loyal* promiſes, *their miſcheifs are as ineffectual as arrows againſt Adamant. It is in you (my Dear) to apply this: and to conſider the violent indignities of my accuſers, whoſe ſlye ſlanders (though cauſeleſs)*

cauſeleſs) aime at the utter diſſolution of your Love *and my* Lovalty, *which I would preſerve inviolate with all my faculties of* Soul *and* Body: *for (without any oſtentation) I dare aſſure you, that the Pelican loves her young (whoſe heart-blood is their aliment) with leſs affection then I do you: nor can the indulgent Loadſtone prefer it's cold devotion to the North beyond my conſtancy to you; which is ſo truely fervent, that when the whole world is conſumed to cyndars, the divinity of my Affection will ſtill be burning; and confeſs me then, what I am now.*

(Lady)
The faithfulleſt of
your humble ſervants.

To a Lady after her father had baniſhed him from her preſence.

Much honoured Madam,

ALthough the prudent curioſity of your Parent hath (at the preſent for a ſeaſon) ſet a period to my perſonal ſolicitations, I hope (without the breach of obedience in you, or violation of civil manners in me) I may viſit your vertuous ſolitude with ſome pertinent repetitions of my devoted ſervice. To ſay I love you, or how much I love you, were a tautology injurious to your fidelity: I have already inſiſted upon that, as much as I can ſpeak,

though leſs then I can act, I muſt confeſs your perfections are ſo magnetical, that I can compare this inſtant baniſhment to nothing leſs violent then the pains of hell *to purchaſe* heaven *: yet if the ſeverity of this tryal may add one Cubit to your faith, and intimate to your intellect what I have (with ſo much reiteration) vowed, I ſhall grow proud of that Laurel that ſo crowns my ſufferings. In a word, although I aſſume not that ſerenity of* judgement, *perfection of* perſon, *activity of* wit, *dignity of* Birth, *multiplicity of* Riches, *as many which make your vertute the object of their devotion, yet I dare meaſure* Love *with the largeſt pretender; but I ſee what I intended onely for a breviate, is almoſt ſwel'd to a large Epiſtle. I ſhall therefore conclude, deſiring (if your love and leiſure will permit) that (at this diſtance) I may kiſs your faire hand in ſome few lines of pardon. It will very much relieve the impriſoned ſpirits of him who would willingly relinquiſh all ſtiles of honour for the beloved title of*

(Madam)
Your ſincere ſervant.

To a Noble Lady.

Honoured Madam,

SUffer the ſworn ſervant to your vertue, to return this mean manifeſtation of his gratitude, in anſwer to thoſe noble favours which he received in the honor of

your late visit, when a companied with your vertuous kinswoman, whose perfections cannot fully be expressed in one Language. I must confess Madam that the hours which then I spent in your sweet society, were attended with so much innocent felicity that I cannot but suppose them effectual enough to redeem all the misspent minutes I have cast away since my creation; and that him whom you shall make happy in a nuptial obligation, hath found a sufficient Antidote against all Adversities.

I am truly sorry to discover, by sad experience, that duty and affection flow in several channels, and that love and obedience (two such supream vertues) should move in opposition to each other; although I must acknowledge your free and favourable expressions relish of a clear spirit accomplished with much love *and* honor, *and one whom the rigour of my destiny hath thought I fear too mighty for me. But since the fury of misfortune hath sentenced my affection to flame at the stake of such merciless Allegeance, let me but remaine a martyr in your memory, and I shall kiss the cruelty. These are the solitary contemplations of*

(Madam)

Your faithful suffering servant.

A return of thanks to a Vertuous Lady.

Dear Lady,

I *Am so sensible of those numerous civilities which the freedom of your noble nature so liberally extended in the gracious entertainment of my friends & my self so unprovoked by any merit in us, that I should have thought it an ingratitude out of the List of pardon, not to have returned our* acknowledgment, acceptance, *and* thanks. *I should be very frequent in my personal visits, did not something (though of a lower Nature, which cannot be neglected, as I have already informed you) prove an impediment, at the present, but shall stand upon the arrear of satisfaction, when opportunity and I are grown better acquainted. The liberty you allow me to exercise my Pen in the Expression of an Affection, that deserveth larger Language, doth somewhat mitigate the severity of this ungentle separation, and gives me the much desired advantage of kissing your fair hand at a distance. I do very much congratulate the Compliance of our affections, and cherish my self with hope that they will walk hand in hand to eternity, not doubting of God's benediction, because you are guided by the sober rules of your parents counsels: I beseech you pardon the absurdities of this hasty letter, and measure not the length of my* Love *by the lowness of my language, but consider that there is least art where there is most affection. Such are the humble conceptions of him whom nothing can make so pardonably proud, as the privilege of being*

(Madam)

Your sole devoted servant.

To the worthieſt of Ladyes.

Vertuous Madam,

YOu will find by this incloſed Poem, *what are the hourely objects of my contemplation. I cannot call my beſt thought good, when you are not concerned in it. Your are ſo truely virtuous, that I mix you with my prayer, and finde it an excellent means to exalt my devotion.*

All joyes attend you; May your vertues be
Beatifi'd with true felicity.
Nothing ſurprize your ſpirits, but the bright
Eternal tapers of Lov's ſacred Light.
No ill approach your preſence: May your Name
Live in the royal regiſter of fame.
Excuſe theſe Ryhmes, and credit him that can
Love you in Proſe better then any man.

You will fear I flatter, becauſe your modeſty will not let you own ſuch truths as proclaime your perfections. If you dare meet my flame with equal ardency, & lay by the old man's muſty admonitions, you ſhall ſoon find (by my actions) the clarity of my intentions. I pray forget not (that which is every minute in my memory) our next meeting in the Park, where (if you pleaſe) we will conclude ſuch a conjunction, that ſilver ſhall not ſeparate: till ther, I remaine.

(Madam)
Your Loyal Honourer.

To a beautiful Lady for a second sight.

Noble Lady,

THe lustre of your late presence doth yet remaine so bright in my happy memory, and your incomparable wit hath left so harmonious a relish in the ear of my intellect, that (if it may consort with civility) I should desire to be honored with the felicity of a second interview, especially at such a season when your will and leisure may hold correspondency.

I must confess my rudeness may be the object of your reproof, but the serenity of my intentions must needs be the subject of your pardon: If you will honor me so far as to kiss your fair hand in a few lines (thus remote) I shall put it in the list of my greatest engagements, and extract especial motives to hope that I cannot miscal my affection, when I do honor my self with the subscription of

(Fair Lady)

Your humblest servant.

To a witty Gentlewoman who commanded him to provide her an Astrologer.

Madam,

SInce I received the honor of your commands, and made my self happy by so much interest into your

privacies, I have bin very industrious to accomplish your wishes. I have sought that man out to whom the book of destiny is never shut, One that hath made discovery of all things since the Chaos, *and can muster up each publike and private transaction that shall relate to* Religion, State, Love, *or* Trade, *every minute betwixt this and the worlds inflammation.*

He doth not onely know all the Houses, *but (by a late purchase) hath made himself* Lord of the Mannor. *He hath as much familiarity with the* Stars *as you have with your Jewels, and (without doubt) will very readily resolve the pretty mystery which you intend to propound, provided that your Ladyship will be pleased to send me a convenient warning of your approach, that so nothing may be wanting or unready in him that shall curse the Conjurer and all his constellations, if he do not demonstrate to you that I am*

(Lady)
The best of your servants.

To a Lady upon separation.

Vertuous Madam,

TO tell you how greatly I am grieved for our late unlook'd for separation, is much too large for your faith and my expression. I should declare more of truth then fancy, to let you know that nothing else can equal it, but the divorce of soul and body.

This unkind diſunion hath (at one ſtroak) not onely ſet you at a diſtance from me, but my ſleep and quiet: There now remaineth nothing, but that I clear my ſelf in point of reputation, and manifeſt, that what is done (as relating to this unwelcome period) is as utterly oppoſite to my expectation and affection, as Love and Uſury.

I muſt confeſs I am ſincerely ſorry that we had no milder arbitrators in the buſineſs of our fortunes, *and am troubled that your Fathers curioſity was anſwered with ſo much nicety. I have aſſumed the forbidden priviledge to tell you this, that hereafter my reputation may ſtand upright in your opinion, when time and your better propoſals ſhall leſſen the value of my love in your affection. And ſince I am (like the fable of* Tantalus) *caſt away in the very harbour of glimmering happineſs, I will never again make my way through Duſt and Aſhes to* Love *and* Beauty. *If you pleaſe to honor me with ſome ſmall Scripture (in anſwer of this diſordered compoſition) you will ſomewhat alleviate the miſery of him, who is hardly reſtrained from curſing thoſe cauſes that will Eclipſe the title of*

(Madam)

Your ſorowful ſervant.

Ad Amicum ſuum Tho. Jordan.
Datæ vigeſimo primo die Octobris.

MIror equidem nec immerito (poetarum præſtantiſſimum) fronte, nec lingua, nec calamo,

huc usq; tibi notum ut mihi offeras, tanta tua opera tam insignia melioti omnino Patrocinatori digna, de quibus verior ne olim dicunt, indigne dedicasti sed quid retribuere nescio, vel qua oratione ea perstringere, quod non sum cogitando : eloquium vile existimo, ubi beneficium excepi; Et tibi præcipue, nunc dideci, idque nuperrime tuis carminibus præcipue, sed etiam & ab amicis tui nominis famæq; splendorem, tam late ubiq; disseminari ut ignavissimum quemquam in tantam tuæ excellentiæ admirationem inducat : vel invitè literas congratulatorias extorquere possit, teq; hisce literis admirationis meæ testem facerem non possum fateor egregias tuas dotes, tam graphicè depingere concessit vero deus nobis præcordia retribuendi, quod aliquatinus meritis tuis respondeat, sed facultas deest. Vero dico, & iterum atq; iterum dico Musas tuas amo etiam & veneror ; Nam profectò me judice, nihil tantum voluptatis hominibus administrare possit, quantum mentis τὰ θεῖα χρήματα quæ dominum suum vere divitem reddunt, & fœlicem, sed de his satis, cetera reffero, donec me fœlicem optata tua societate reddas. Vale. Deus Opt. Max. tibi & tuis Musis bene dicat.

Amicus tuus fidelis,
Henricus Stonestreet.

To his Learned and ingenious friend Mr. *Hen. Stonestreet.*

I Have perused (with a grateful exultation, best of patrons) your elegant Epistle, and most incomparable Encomium, *wherein you have with so sublime a sence, excelled the subject, and (with such insuperable expres-*

sions)

ſions) *made the* paraphraſe *exceed the* Text, *that the luſtre of your* language) *I behold the enormities of my own well-intended*) *intruſions, with an imperfect* piece *ſo much beneath your capacity,*

Et veniam pro laude peto laudatus abunde
Non faſtiditus, ſi tibi Lector ero.

I muſt confeſs ſome of thoſe Poems which you have wronged your patience to read, want much of their native Majeſty, their eaſie excellence conſiſting in the aptitude of Muſical compoſitions, a reliſh of which I prepreſent to your pregnant apprehenſion in three Parts, to a Poem intituled, An Elegy on a good man: *if it finde the ſame effect I wiſh, I ſhall be ready* (*in anſwer of your leaſt commands*) *to provide the reſidue, deſiring* (*if it may not much conduce to your diſhonour*) *we may communicate at a more favourable diſtance.*

I beſeech you pardon the prolixity of my uncivil ſilence, for the interveniency of ſome occurrent caſualties ſince my thankeful reception of your Letters (*contrary to my deſires*) *have obſtructed the celerity of my returns. I am very much pleaſed with the artful compoſition of your genuine Panegyrick, ſo much, that if my book take its flight from the Preſs, I ſhould gladly* (*with your allowance*) *wear the undeſerved honor of it in the front of my whole impreſſion, but* (*ſince* I *cannot*) *I will tranſcribe it in my memory with indelible Characters; nor ſhall the leaſt of your favours be obliterated whilſt my hand is able to ſubſcribe,*

SIR,

Your humble ſervant

THO. JORDAN.

MUSEUM